We do not claim to give

THE EARTH FOR FIFTY CENTS!

But we do claim our prices (plain figures) are invariably lower than any purchase you may make from our bantering competitors.

KLEINMAIER BROS.,

The only One Price Clothing Store in Marion Co.

THE MARION DAILY STAR

Published Every Evening Except Sunday

—BY THE—

STAR PUBLISHING CO., - - - PROP'S

TERMS:

By Mail............$4 per Year in Advance
Delivered by Carrier......10 Cts. per Week

TUESDAY, - - - - - - JANUARY 1.

THE Commercial Gazette, after sizing up the holiday situation, remarks: "After New Year, what? Not much. until the coming of the Glorious Fourth of July, six months ahead. Our holidays are not well distributed. Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year, all in a bunch, as it were. Then a weary waiting among the boys of six months for the fireworks. If we had Thanksgiving earlier in the fall, nearer the true harvest time, there would be a better arrangement. Then there might be some pleasant sort of festival in the spring time, about the season when gentle Annie appears, and Maud comes into the garden. As it is, the Fourth of July stands out grandly and gloriously, alone on Time's highway, and the boys are a week or two celebrating the day, fore and aft.

AFTER carefully considering the matter, those clergymen who have been troubling themselves about the inauguration ball and soliciting Gen. Harrison to pronounce against it, will probably reach the conclusion that they have made a mistake. It would be manifestly improper for Gen. Harrison to dictate to those participating in the festivities of the occasion, as to what they may do, or what they may not do. The people who will participate in the ball are not even the guests of Gen. Harrison and it would sound very strange to hear even a host or a hostess give orders to their guests as to what they may do for their own amusement or entertainment. Gen Harrison will have an idea of what is proper in the matter if his ministerial friends do not.

SUPERSTITIOUS people look forward with some dread to the new year. It happens that 1889 begins with a total eclipse, which astronomical event has not occured before on Jan. 1 for over 200 years, and will not again occur on this date for another 300 years. To add to the gravity of the situation, from an astrological point of view, there are to be two solar eclipses in 1889. This, while not unprecedented, is still so unusual that, astrologically speaking, there is no telling what may and what may not happen before the fateful year is past.

DAKOTA people are ingenious advertisers. On Christmas their expected holiday blizzard accidentally got snowbound north of Minnesota, and the day was warm and bright. The chance to advertise was too good to be lost. Out-of-door picnics, steamboat excursions, baseball games, etc., were hastily arranged and the day was celebrated with Oriental fervor. Then the news of these various doings was promptly wired East.

THOSE of our citizens who signed their names to the Black Diamond conditional notes can now call and get them, if they choose, and consign them to the flames, for they are null and void today. No Black Diamond train arrived up to midnight, though our east Marion reporter thought he heard a Boone blowing off steam over toward Claridon. Perhaps it was the Colonel talking a little louder than usual.

THERE is more mob justice meted out in this country than might be supposed. Statistics of the events of the year 1888, which closed Monday, show that while the laws of the land have resulted in the death of sixty-seven persons by strangulation, the laws of Judge Lynch have sent no less than ninety-three persons into eternity. It is no matter over which the country is to be congratulated.

THE Cincinnati Times-Star suggests that every firearm in the State be taxed fifty cents a year, if the legislature decides to go into the business of special taxation. The idea is not a bad one, for, as the Times-Star suggests, law-abiding citizens, having weapons for hunting or self-protection, would at once be distinguished from the criminal class that carries them with evil intent.

RUTHERFORD B. HAYES is the latest Ohio man heard from who "doesn't want anything." Politicians who do want anything just now are scarce, in fact, as the patriots who, a few weeks hence, will not feel it their duty, as public-spirited citizens, to reluctantly accept the office tendered them and fill it to the best of their ability.

THE STAR has done better in 1888 than in any previous year and we trust the same can be said at the close of the year just begun. In making this wish for ourselves we extend like greeting to all our friends. We wish all a very happy and prosperous New Year.

"To dance or not to dance" seems to be the question that Mr. Harrison must wrestle with. We submit that he ought to be allowed to settle the cabinet question first.

CONSTITUTIONS and laws may be changed but there will be evasion of taxes until the people are educated to be morally sensitive to that kind of stealing.

WE begin the New Year with an early issue and hope to keep it up. There is no likelihood of a grand rush of business to prevent it during January.

Apt, Even if Inelegant.

There is in Alburg at least one youngster who knows a fit subject for prayers when he meets it. He recently heard somebody use the expression, "gone sucker," and subsequently questioned his father as to the meaning of the term.

"Oh," said the father, "when anybody is hard up or awful sick folks sometimes say he is a 'gone sucker.'"

The boy took it all in and shortly afterward made a practical application of his newly acquired knowledge in behalf of his sick brother. Just before going to bed one night he knelt to say his prayers, as usual, and closed his petition thus:

"And, O Lord, bless Jimmy and make him well, for he is awfully sick, and if you don't I'm afraid he's a 'gone sucker.'"—St. Albans Messenger.

A Cautious Apothecary.

In writing out a prescription the other day a certain well known Pittsburg doctor wrote aqua fontis—that is, spring water—in place of the more customary but equivalent term, aqua pura.

The patient to whom this prescription was given took it to a druggist who had just gone into the business of putting up pills and potions. The new druggist ran through the prescription and handed it back, saying: "You take that prescription back to Dr. —— and tell him that he's put enough aqua fortis into that prescription to kill ten men."

Luckily for this village the druggist has retired from the prescription compounding field since then.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

A Good Fit.

The little son of Le Grand Abbey, of Poughkeepsie uttered another bright saying yesterday. His mother is making plans for a Martha Washington party, and she made the remark that she would need the services of boys to represent states. Stephen said: "I want to be a state, mamma." "No, Stephen, you can not represent Yankee Doodle. You are too small to be a state." "Oh, no, mamma; I want to be a state. I am big enough to represent Delaware."—Kingston Freeman.

A Passion for Mystery.

An American who has just returned from Spain says the infant king of that country has a passion for bologna sausage. It is not often that a love for the mysterious is developed in a child of such tender years.—Norristown Herald.

How Doctors Conquer Death.

Doctor Walter K. Hammond says: "After a long experience I have come to the conclusion that two-thirds of all deaths from coughs, pneumonia and consumption, might be avoided if Dr. Acker's English Remedy for Consumption were only carefully used in time." This wonderful Remedy is sold under a positive guarantee by H. C. Hobberman & Co.

Syrup of Figs

Is Nature's own true laxative. It is the most easily taken, and the most effective remedy known to Cleanse the System when Bilious or Costive; to dispel Headaches, Colds and Fevers; to Cure Habitual Constipation, Indigestion, Piles, etc. Manufactured only by the California Fig Syrup Company, San Francisco, Cal.

Sold only by H. L. Flocken & Co. and H. C. Hoberman & Co., druggists.

Horses on Snowshoes.

Snowshoes have been worn for years by horses on the Oroville and Quincy mail route during the winter months. It would be impossible for them to travel over the deep snows without their aid. A horse that is accustomed to wearing them will travel five and six miles an hour, where it would be impossible to go that distance in a week without them. The shoes are made of thin steel plate, about nine by eleven inches, fastened on the hoofs with clamps. The horses are shod with long heel corks which go through the snowshoes, and prevent their slipping going up and down hill.—Plumas National.

Do Not Suffer Any Longer.

Knowing that a cough can be checked in a day, and the first stages of consumption broken in a week, we hereby guarantee Dr. Acker's English Remedy for Consumption, and will refund the money to all who buy, take it as per directions, and do not find our statement correct.

H. C. HOBBERMAN & Co.

—Dr. B. Mincer, the eminent oculist of Detroit, Mich., who is now a resident of Marion, will visit every town in the county. Any one suffering with weak eyes, or eyes abused by improper glasses, should not fail to see him. Orders left at the postoffice will be promptly attended to. No extra charge for examination or visiting patients at their home. On Saturdays and Sundays he can be found in his office at residence, No. 25, Silver street. 161sly

BLONDIN, THE ROPE WALKER.

He Discusses His "High Art" and Tells Some Experiences.

A rope walker is like a poet, born and not made. I myself began to toddle along a rope when I was only 4 years old, and in my 8th year I gave a special exhibition on the high rope before the king at Turin. It is a usual thing, no doubt, for the apprentices in a circus to be taught rope walking among their other lessons, but only a few of them ever get beyond the rudiments of the art. The usual system of teaching is to make the pupil walk along a narrow board the width of which is daily decreased until it is barely thicker than an ordinary rope. Posturing and the assumption of graceful attitudes are taught in this manner, and finally the pupil is introduced to the rope itself.

The apparatus which a leading rope walker uses appears in the public eyes to be simple enough, but in reality it has to be constructed and arranged with the greatest of care. The rope I generally use is found with a flexible core of steel wire covered with the best Manilla hemp, and is about an inch and three-quarters in diameter. It is several hundred yards in length, and the cost may be $500. The rope is coiled from either end on two large windlasses, and when supported by two high poles the windlasses are turned until the rope is stretched perfectly taut. It takes me, as a rule, several days to adjust this simple apparatus to perfection. The balancing pole is made of ash, is about twenty-six feet long and weighs some forty or fifty pounds.

I am often asked as to my sensations when walking the rope; but if by that is meant whether I feel fear or nervousness, I must answer decidedly in the negative. When walking I look some eighteen or twenty feet ahead of me, and whistle softly or hum a snatch of a song, as the humor may seize me. I also invariably keep time in my step to the music the band is playing, and I find that helps me wonderfully in preserving my balance. With my own weight and that of the balancing pole there must be about 230 pounds bearing on the rope, which naturally gives considerably, this sagging being one of the chief difficulties we have to encounter in keeping our balance. I prefer to perform in the open air.

Nowadays I never practice, and even my most difficult tricks, such as turning a somersault over a chair placed in the middle of the rope and landing with my feet on the other side of it, are usually performed without premeditation, just as the whim seizes me. This enables me without effort to vary my programmes at every performance, and prevents them from becoming monotonous to me. I could remain a year or even longer without ever setting foot on a rope and then go on and tread it as safely as though I had been in constant practice.

If I myself do not feel nervous, I am afraid the many persons I have carried on my back across the rope have felt a trifle perturbed, save when they have been professional assistants. In reality there is nothing in the world for them to be afraid of. All they have to do is to sit perfectly still, refrain from clutching me too tightly around the neck, and leave the rest to me. When I am carrying any one over for the first time I chat to him continuously on any indifferent subjects I can think about, and try in this manner to relieve his anxiety, and I always caution him against looking downward when in mid air. Somehow, though, he never seems quite happy, and I always detect a gasp of relief when the end of the rope and the platform are reached. More than once the victim has devoutly exclaimed: "Never again!"

My well known trip over Niagara falls was doubtless productive of nervousness to those gentlemen whom I carried over on my back, and for myself it was one of the experiences of my life. I was elevated some 150 feet above the torrent, and had to walk a distance of nearly 1,200 feet. The rope itself was unlike that which I use at the present time. It was formed entirely of hemp, and was about three inches in thickness, and its adjustment in place was, in its way, quite an engineering feat. The rope cost several thousand dollars, and remained in position for nearly two years. I have walked across enveloped in a sack made of blankets, have wheeled a barrow across, turned somersaults, cooked a dinner, and, as I have said, carried a man over on my back. It is doubtful whether I shall ever repeat this performance.—New York Star.

Nothing but Limburger.

Occasionally harrowing sights of the sufferings of the survivors of shipwrecks are published, and it makes one's blood run cold to hear of people out for days in an open boat with only two crackers and a bucket of water to a man, and as the days pass by, and no friendly sail comes in sight, the rations are reduced to one cracker and two buckets of water, and at last lots are drawn to decide as to which of the party is in the best condition, etc. But all these stories pale into insignificance compared to the sufferings of Capt. Stott and the crew of the steamer Rowena, who got aground on Lake river lately while after a raft of piling. They were fast in the mud for four days with nothing to eat but Limburger cheese. What their sufferings were no pen can describe.—Portland Oregonian.

He Keeps a Scrap Book.

I learn from Rome that the German emperor only looks to advantage on foot. He is "low," the backbone being short. With this the legs are long. His figure, therefore, is an ungraceful one for riding, the knees advancing far toward the horse's head, and the legs and thighs forming an acute angle. He has given up wine and beer drinking, does not eat much, but absorbs quantities of tea. His face was worn and showed fatigue when he was in Italy. Every morning and evening packets of papers were placed on a desk in his sitting room. He [illegible] all that was about himself, and when he had done so paragraphs of which he was the subject were cut out by a secretary and pasted into a scrap book.—London Truth.

SWEARING OFF

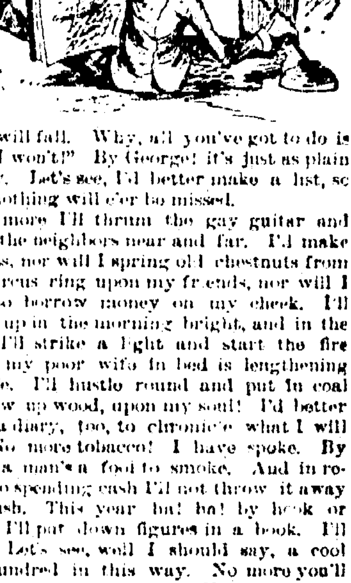
OR HOW A NEW LEAF IS SOMETIMES TURNED OVER.

This is the day of all the days, when everybody thinks it pays to overturn a brand new leaf. This is the day when all our grief is heightened by the past year's sin. This is the day when we grow thin reflecting over last year's fun and thinking what we might have done.

Heigh O! I'm sad, now it's too late when I remember '88. Think of the money I have spent. Think of the bills (Great Scott! the rent!) 'Bout all I've done is earn my bread. My boy, you ought to soak your head! What use are you upon this earth? Why, pshaw! I tell you you're not worth the powder that would blow you up. I'm blue today. Well, well, my cup is very full. It makes me mad to think that I have been so bad.

But after all, what is the use? What's done is done. Come, come! a truce. My boy, brace up, 'twill be O.K. a hundred years from yesterday. It does no earthly good to fret. The thing is done, and vain regret won't make it better. Come, don't pine; 'twill be all right in '89. All right! Well, I should faintly smile. You bet; I've done with all past guile.

This raking up of chestnuts old is all played out. The day'll be cold when you observe upon my brow such wrinkles as were there just now. It's just as plain as day to me the reason we unhappy be. My son, it's will power, that is all. Exert it, and Old



Nick will fall. Why, all you've got to do is say "I won't!" By George! it's just as plain as day. Let's see, I'd better make a list, so that nothing will e'er be missed.

No more I'll thrum the gay guitar and wake the neighbors near and far. I'd make no bets, nor will I spring old chestnuts from the circus ring upon my friends, nor will I seek to borrow money on my check. I'll wake up in the morning bright, and in the dark I'll strike a light and start the fire while my poor wife in bed is lengthening her life. I'll hustle round and put in coal and saw up wood, upon my soul! I'd better keep a diary, too, to chronicle what I will do. No more tobacco! I have spoke. By Jove! a man's a fool to smoke. And in regard to spending cash I'll not throw it away on trash. This year ha! ha! by hook or crook, I'll put down figures in a book. I'll save! Let's see, well I should say, a cool five hundred in this way. No more you'll catch me out of nights. How transitory those delights. I tell you, will power is the thing. I've seen my day. I've had my fling.

Hello, who's there? Come in. Why, Jack, my boy, how came you back so soon? I'm glad you're here. Come, shake, old man. A Glad New Year. Sit down. Can't stay? Why what's on hand? No, no, my boy, I've too much sand. What's up? Yes? Well, who'll be there? Only this time. Don't know's I care. Remember then, this once I'll go; but after this no more. No; no. Oh, what a jolly time 'twill be! Only this once, mind. Whoopee! What is the use of feeling down in heart? We'll go and paint the town!

TOM MASSON.

LONG LIFE.

Oh! bright New Year, with snow white train,
Oh! glad New Year, you've come again;
Covering the earth, its every stain,
With snow white train from mount to main,
May good live on in you!
The beautiful and true!
Long life, long life to you!

Points for New Year's Callers.

Before starting out borrow the clothes you propose to wear from some dear friend who is fool enough to lend them to you.

When you desire to light your cigar, don't attempt to climb a lamp post for that purpose, as your motives are liable to be misunderstood.

THE ARIZONA KICKER.

Many Phases of Editorial Life Culled by The Detroit Free Press.

The last issue of the Arizona Kicker contains the following:

NEARING THE LIMIT.—We have been repeatedly asked why we did not open on the G. & S. railroad for its slow time, miserable cars, rough road, high rates and generally incompetent service. It is because we have been expecting an annual pass from the road. We applied for it three months ago, but have heard nothing as yet. We are nearing the limit. If that pass is not here inside of a fortnight we shall sound our bugle in a manner to make the officials of the road wish they had never been born.

NOT OUR NIGHT.—Maj. Rathbone made a personal assault on us last Tuesday, as we were about to interview the prosecuting attorney in regard to the Kellar affair. We presume it was because The Kicker of last week referred to the major as a liar and an absconder. We presume it was, although he made no explanation. A minute before he seized us we felt like fighting. A minute afterwards we were on the run. There are times when we can fight to the death, and other times when we can outrun any coyote in the glorious west. The major happened to get us on our off night, or he would otherwise have been reduced to pulp. There is a good deal of winking and chuckling around town, but we don't see anything to laugh at. If we didn't have our off spells we'd be a veritable terror to the whole district. It's lucky for Arizona that we were born that way.

ONLY OUR WAY.—We understand that Col. Colfax feels aggrieved because we referred to him last week as a dead beat bum who ought to be given a dose of White Cap medicine. The colonel should not be so thin skinned. It's only our way of keeping track of the leaders of society.

A FALSE ALARM.—A Chicago correspondent dropped in on us the other day for a brief visit, and after showing him our Washington hand-press, six varieties of job type and two bundles of print paper, we took him out for a survey of the town. The news had gone abroad that he was a Chicago detective, and it was laughable to note the effect upon our leading citizens. A dozen or more broke for the sage brush, without stopping for clean shirts, and so many others cut off their whiskers or donned false ones that we walked the whole length of Apache avenue without meeting a man we could recognize at first glance.

While there is nothing mean about us, this is a feature we are going to work about twice a month on this town. It will keep the boys unsettled and anxious, and may be the means of converting some of them from the error of their ways. It's an awful good feeling to feel that you are the only man in a town of 3,000 people whose liver don't kick the breath out of him every time a stranger comes along and takes a second look at the bridge of your nose.

WE COME DOWN.—We stated our belief last week that our contemporary, which is eternally bragging about its increase of circulation, did not print 150 copies weekly. We were honest in what we said. The old bristle backed hyena who claims to be editor and publisher sent for us yesterday to examine his books and figure up his circulation. We made the astounding discovery that he has a bona fide circulation of 163 copies. When we are right we stick to the limbs at all hazards. When we are wrong we let go and come down. We were wrong in this case. We come down. The Howling Coyote and Weekly Wish-Wash will please accept our humble apology.

DON'T FORGET IT.—In addition to the grocery in our front room, which is rapidly securing the cream of trade, we have established a tin shop in the rear of the shanty and propose to do all sorts of repairing. Later on we may and a harness shop and other needed enterprises. If we build in the spring, as we now figure on, we shall put in a marble shop and furnish gravestones cheaper than has ever been heard of in Arizona. We may also add a grist mill.

James Gordon Bennett, Henry Watterson and Amelie Rives may have time to junket around the country and show off their clothes, but we haven't. We are always at home. The Chicago Times may ridicule our grocery in connection with The Kicker, but there are no flies on us. Six bars for a quarter, and a horn comb thrown in. "Give us a call before purchasing elsewhere."—Detroit Free Press.

A Slip Somewhere.

We were humming along at the rate of thirty miles an hour on a train bound into Nashville, when I spotted a couple of three card monte men in the car. They had made up to a farmer like chap and had things all their own way. One of them tossed the cards and the other acted as a capper and made a hit of $30 the first thing. This was to egg the farmer on, and he was willing to be egged.

"Reckon I've got a leetle money that says I kin pick out that yere keerd," he said, and he slowly counted out three $10 bills.

"You pick the ace of hearts, do you?" asked the thrower.

"She's the one."

"And which is it?"

"This ar' the one."

"And you bet $30 on it?"

"I do."

The card was turned over, and lo! it was the ace of hearts and the old man had won. He pocketed the money and the monte men retired in disgust. Later on I asked the thrower how he came to make such a mistake.

"Why, I paid a feller $20 to learn me the business the other day, and this is my first trip. There's $50 clean cash gone to Goshen, and I'm going back home to farm it for the old man at $18 a month."—Detroit Free Press.

Where He Was.

First oyster (at a church fair)—There were three of us at first. What has become of the other one?

Second oyster (inclined to be slangy)—He's in the soup.—Philadelphia Record.

Agreeably Disappointed.

Miss Clara—So Mr. Featherly acted as your escort at the Vancouver affair last week, I hear, Ethel.

Miss Ethel—Yes, Clara. Did he say he had a pleasant time?

Miss Clara—Oh, yes, I heard him say he had a much pleasanter time than he anticipated.—New York Sun.

Terrible.

Two-thirds of all deaths in New York City are from consumption or pneumonia. The same proportion holds in most other cities. Delays are dangerous. Dr. Acker's English Remedy for Consumption will always relieve, and may save your life. H. C. HOBBERMAN & Co.

The Only Perfect Remedy

For habitual constipation, dyspepsia, and kindred ills is the famous California liquid fruit remedy, Syrup of Figs. It strengthens as well as cleanses the system, it is easily taken, and perfectly harmless.

Sold by H. C. Hoberman & Co. and L. H. Flocken & Co., druggists.

A Man-Eating Shark Captured.

PORTSMOUTH, N. H., Jan. 1.—A man-eating shark, twelve feet long and nine feet in circumference, weighing 1,500 pounds, has been caught in Ipswich bay. It is of the shovel nose variety, very uncommon in northern waters.

Two Boys Drowned While Skating.

TOLEDO, O., Jan. 1.—James Marden and Nathan Gilchrist, aged nine and fourteen years, were skating in the bayou Sunday afternoon. The ice broke, precipitating the boys into the water and both were drowned.

Why Women Fade.

Women lose their beauty because colds undermine their life. Dr. Acker's English Remedy for Consumption is an absolute cure for colds.

H. C. HOBBERMAN & Co.

CITY TIME TABLE

Following is the time of arrival of and departure of trains at and from the several depots in this city, according to the latest changes.

ERIE.

WEST.		EAST.	
No. 7	10:50 a. m.	No. 12	5:20 a. m.
No. 37	8:25 a. m.	No. 6	12:45 p. m.
No. 5	2:55 p. m.	No. [illegible]	3:30 p. m.
No. 3	11:25 p. m.	No. 8	10:45 p. m.

BEE LINE.

WEST.		EAST.	
No. 1	4:05 a. m.	No. 8	3:45 a. m.
No. 3	10:28 a. m.	No. 10	8:45 a. m.
No. 5	3:25 p. m.	No. 2	2:45 p. m.
No. 9	11:28 p. m.	No. 6	5:00 p. m.
Local	10:28 a. m.	Local	3:25 p. m.

C., H. V. AND T.

NORTH.		SOUTH.	
No. 1	5:11 p. m.	No. 2	9:52 a. m.
No. 3	8:37 a. m.	No. 4	5:40 p. m.

C. AND A.

WEST.		EAST.	
No. 1	8:30 a. m.	No. 12	12:20 a. m.
No. 5	2:55 p. m.	No. 10	7:1 p. m.
No. 17	3:30 p. m.	No. 30	7:30 p. m.
No. 3	10:35 p. m.	No. 8	10:45 p. m.
No. 33	6:00 a. m.	No. 18	12:20 p. m.

☞ Trains 1 (Erie 9) and 5 can be boarded at Erie depot at time announced in schedule.

Schedule of Mail Trains.

C. & A.—West	6:00 a. m.
C. H. V. & T. North	6:3 a. m.
C. H. V. & T. South	9:5 a. m.
C. C. C. & I.—West	10:27 a. m.
Erie—East	12:0 p. m.
C. C. C. & I. East	3:47 p. m.
Erie—West	2:55 p. m.

Day mails close one-half hour before schedule time of departure, except C. & A., which closes 10 minutes earlier than one-half hour.

NIGHT MAILS.

C. C. C. & I., South of Delaware	5:0 p. m.
Columbus,	5:1 p. m.
C. C. C. & I., North of Galion,	7:2 p. m.
Chicago,	11:[illegible]

☞ Night mails close at 8:30 and 9 p. m. city time

PROVERBS, OLD AND NEW

"We are well placed," as the cat said when she was seated on the bacon.—Danish Proverb.

Those who always keep a bottle of New Style Vinegar Bitters in the house are as well placed as the cat.

"If envy were a fever, all the world would be ill."—Danish Proverb.

If the world were ill of any stomach trouble New Style Vinegar Bitters would cure it.

"Gude folks are scarce, take care o' me."—Scottish Proverb.

Good, reliable patent medicines are scarce; always use New Style Vinegar Bitters.

"What we want is not talent; it is purpose."—Bulwer.

Purpose sufficient to buy a bottle of New Style Vinegar Bitters and try it.

"Stones and sticks are flung only at fruit-bearing trees."—Persian Proverb.

New Style Vinegar Bitters will cure headache in less than half an hour.

"Patience is the key to joy."

So is New Style Vinegar Bitters, for it is the key of health, and consequently, of joy.

"Economy is in itself a great revenue."

Those who take New Style Vinegar Bitters, never need pay a doctor.

"True courage is like a kite, a contrary wind raises it higher."

New Style Vinegar Bitters is almost the only known cure for constipation.

"The heart has no wrinkles."

Do not let your faces grow wrinkled, ladies, but take New Style, Pleasant Taste Vinegar Bitters daily as a tonic, and use R. H. McDonald Drug Company's Omega Preparations for the health of your skin. Used with New Style Vinegar Bitters, they will keep men, women and children young and well.

New Style Vinegar Bitters purifies the blood, beautifies the complexion, strengthens the nerves, muscles and brain, and wards off malaria.

Get a bottle from your druggists and try it.

From E. B. Stacy, Springfield, Mass:

I have taken your Vinegar Bitters for a scrofulous humor, and they have effected a complete cure, something eminent physicians have failed to do. I consider it my duty to recommend them to others.

VINEGAR BITTERS
PURELY VEGETABLE FREE FROM ALCOHOL
DR. WALKER'S CALIFORNIA
VINEGAR BITTERS

Send for book on fortune telling, cook, tree.
R. H. McDONALD DRUG CO.,
532 Washington St., New York.

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. P. Rowell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce Street), where advertising contracts may be made for it in **NEW YORK**

HOXSIE'S
IT STRIKES AT THE ROOT SWIFT POSITIVE & SURE OF THE DISEASE
DISKS

The greatest of all pocket remedies, for hoarseness, loss of voice, Bronchitis, Asthma, and tickling cough. 25 cents.

H. J. SCHOLL
MANUFACTURER
AND
Wholesale Dealer
IN
Choice Cigars

Everybody smokes his make of cigars.

FOR MEN ONLY!

A NEW BOOK ON DEBILITY & A[illegible] [illegible] Explains only method [illegible] enlarge and strengthen [illegible] weak, stunted, un[illegible] [illegible] quickest, surest [illegible] cure for [illegible] debility and de[illegible] [illegible] weakness [illegible] Impotence [illegible] manhood fully restored. [illegible] Men testify from 47 States and Territories and foreign countries. You can write them. [illegible] This book mailed sealed, free [illegible]

ERIE MEDICAL CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Columbus, Hocking Valley and Toledo R'y

TIME CARD.

Taking Effect Nov. 18th, 1888.

Central Time.

SOUTH-BOUND.

River Division. No. 2. No. 7. Daily except Sunday. Daily except Sunday.

Lv. Pomeroy [illegible]
" Gallipolis [illegible]

Hocking Valley Division. No. 1. No. 3. Daily. Daily.

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The CHICAGO and ATLANTIC RAILWAY

Continues to be the

MOST POPULAR LINE

[illegible]

LOW as the LOWEST!

CHICAGO AND ATLANTIC

TIME TABLE.

EASTWARD.

[illegible]

WESTWARD.

[illegible]

W. R. THOMAS,
Gen'l Manager.

F. C. DONALD,
Gen'l Pass Agent.

The sparkle and brilliancy of handsome cut glass is always impaired if washed with soap containing resin, which invariably leaves a thin semi-transparent coating in the grooves or furrows, giving the article the appearance of cheap moulded glassware. Ivory Soap contains no resin, is easily rinsed off, and if used with tepid water and a soft brush, will give your cut glass that clearness and brilliancy which produce the beautiful prismatic effects.

A WORD OF WARNING.

There are many white soaps, each represented to be "just as good as the 'Ivory';" they ARE NOT, but like all counterfeits, lack the peculiar and remarkable qualities of the genuine. Ask for "Ivory" Soap and insist upon getting it.

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Possesses many Important Advantages over all other prepared Foods.

BABIES CRY FOR IT.
INVALIDS RELISH IT.

Makes Plump, Laughing, Healthy Babies. Regulates the Stomach and Bowels. Sold by Druggists. 25c., 50c., $1.00.

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Baby Portraits.

A Portfolio of beautiful baby portraits, printed on fine plate paper by patent photo process, sent free to Mother of any Baby born within a year. Every Mother wants these pictures; send at once. Give Baby's name and age.

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It's Easy to Dye WITH DIAMOND DYES

Superior IN Strength, Fastness, Beauty, AND Simplicity.

Warranted to color more goods than any other dyes ever made, and to give more brilliant and durable colors. Ask for the *Diamond*, and take no other. 36 colors; 10 cents each.

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Gold, Silver, Bronze, Copper. Only 10 Cents.

$1,000 Reward!

FOR EVERY CASE OF

Nasal or Post Nasal Catarrh

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DR. LIVINGSTON'S

POSITIVE CURE FOR CATARRH

FAILS TO CURE.

Every bottle is guaranteed or money refunded when our rules and instructions are carried out in full. The only catarrh medicine of merit, and the only Company that gives you this chance. This is to show the public that we do not come before the people with a worthless nostrum, but one of merit. Do not let your druggist sell you a bottle unless it has our guarantee on same. For sale by all drug trade. **Price, $1.00 Per Bottle.** If your druggist does not have it, send $1, and we will pay express charges.

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They will dye everything. They are sold everywhere. Price 10c. a package. 40 colors. They have no equal for Strength, Brightness, Amount in Packages or for Fastness of Color, or non-fading Qualities. They do not crock or smut. For sale by L. H. FLOCKEN, or H. C. HOBERMAN & CO.

MEN ONLY. Cure for weakness, nervousness, lack of [illegible] Vigor, Development, confidence, etc. BOOK FREE. Erie Med. Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

FAST TRAINS OVER THE

ERIE RAILWAY

—FOR—

Buffalo, New York, Boston, Saratoga, Albany and Other Eastern Cities.

The Only Road Running Solid Train to New York.

3 THROUGH TRAINS. 3

—WITH—

Pullman Palace Sleeping Coaches, Pullman Buffet Sleeping Coaches, Pullman Hotel Coaches, Parlor Cars and Elegant Day Coaches.

TIME TABLE ADOPTED Dec. 2, 1888.

[illegible] 45 [illegible] Eastern Standard Time [illegible]

Trains depart from Marion, O., as follows:

WESTWARD.	DEPART
No. 7, daily except Sunday	10 50 a.m.
No. 5, daily	2 55 p.m.
No. 37, Way, daily except Sunday	8 20 a.m.
No. 3, daily	11 05 p.m.
EASTWARD.	**DEPART**
No. 12, daily	5 20 a.m.
No. 6, daily except Sunday	1 15 p.m.
No. 38 daily except Sunday	[illegible] p.m.
No. 8, daily	10 [illegible] p.m.

Pullman Palace coaches on all through trains.

E. B. THOMAS, Second Vice President.
L. P. FARMER, G. P. A., New York City.
W. C. RINERSON, A. G. P. A., Cleveland.
W. W. DUNNAVANT, Div. Pas. Ag't, Warren, O.

The Sponge is Mightier than the Brush.

THROW AWAY THE SHOE BRUSH

and use a Sponge and water, which will keep your SHOES BRIGHT and CLEAN if you use

Wolff's ACME Blacking

The women know a good thing and will have it, and the men ought to.

It preserves the leather and gives a brilliant polish. Water and snow slip off it as surely as off a duck's back. Men's shoes require dressing ONCE A WEEK—women's once a month, that's all. Worth trying, isn't it? It is also the best dressing for harness, on which it lasts THREE MONTHS.

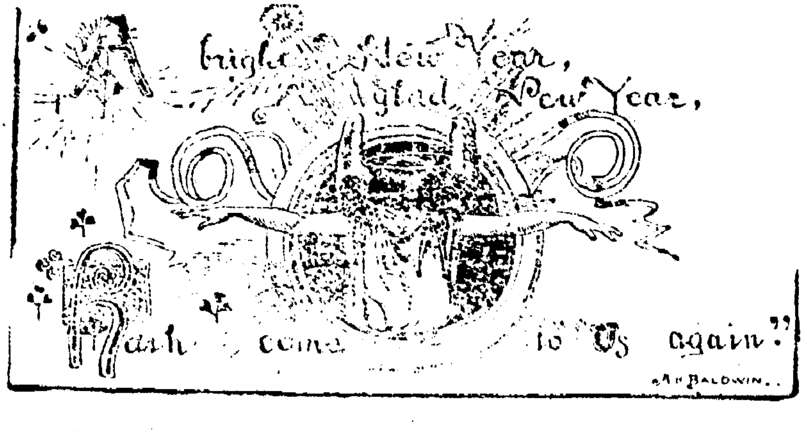
WOLFF & RANDOLPH, Philadelphia.

Dr. C. McLane's Celebrated LIVER PILLS WILL CURE SICK HEADACHE.

A few doses taken at the right time will often save a severe spell of sickness. Price only 25 cents at any drug store. Be sure and see that Dr. C. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS, FLEMING BROS., Pittsburgh, Pa., is on the box. None other is Genuine.

Use IVORY POLISH for the Teeth, PERFUMES THE BREATH.

Ring out, O Bells! Ring silver-sweet
O'er hill & moor & fell!
In mellow Echoes let your Chimes
Their hopeful Story tell.
Ring out, Ring out, all-jubilant,
This joyous, glad Refrain:
1887
1888


A bright New Year,
A glad New Year,
Hath come to Us again!"
A. P. BALDWIN.

FRAGMENTS.

THE NEW YEAR.

What is this fair New Year?
A flower that dropt from the bier
Where the Old Year lay, ere Time bore him away
To the Ages' tomb—with a tear.
—Unidentified.

IN OLDE ENGLANDE.

This is Newe Yeare's day,
whereon to every friend
They costly presents in do bring
and New Yeare's gifts do sende;
These giftes the husband gives his wife,
and father eke his childe,
And maister on his men bestowes
the like with favour milde. —Old Song.

WHERE IT BEGINS.

Oh, not when [illegible] comes, through fields of snow
With half worn shoes the new born year begins;
But where the streams of love unfettered flow,
And blossoms o'er the sunlit meadows blow
The fragrant hope that straight our credence wins.
—Philip O'Sullivan.

HIS GOOD LUCK.

A NEW YEAR'S STORY WITH THE SECRET OF SUCCESS IN IT.

WE HAD been talking about the turn of fortune which comes to some people with the New Year. Dr. Mason, the oldest man in the room, said:

I will tell you a story worth writing and printing. I see that it is now the fashionable thing for men and women who have made a little stir in the world to tell all about the books which influenced them and the incidents which turned them into the highways which led to fortune or to fame. Well, I am not famous, thank heaven, but perhaps the experiences of a man who has escaped fame may not be without use to somebody.

I have always believed in luck. I do not attempt to justify my belief. I know that I can't hold my ground in argument against those who say there is no such thing. I only know that I believe in it. The superstition was born in me. There is a proverb in the Castilian tongue which says: "He who expects good luck will surely get it." I read that before I was 12 years old, and it at once [illegible] it. It confirmed the hope within me that fortune held something exceptionally good for me. Perhaps each one of us has that feeling, but not everybody evolves it into a faith and regularly lives by it. I did.

I had a dreary childhood, a difficult youth and a struggling early manhood. That proverb helped me to go through everything with courage. Usually I hated proverbs. My father had a stock of very disagreeable ones which he showered upon me at all seasons [illegible]. "They who know nothing fear nothing," "[illegible]" [illegible] were [illegible]. But the proverb that [illegible] good luck surely [illegible] [illegible].

[illegible] took the [illegible] everything [illegible]. And I [illegible]. [illegible] dangers [illegible] for [illegible] to the [illegible] decision. I learned then that [illegible] one man can have over others when it recognizes no such thing as fear. Call it superstition, foolishness, what you will, but my faith in that proverb was something marvelous. I will admit, however, that I am of a credulous nature. When I was young I believed every assertion I ever heard or read. I was not a questioner or doubter. If a man asserted something I believed him because I supposed that he knew, else he would not assert. It never occurred to me that he might lie. Being honest myself I believed in the honesty of others.

I lived in the country and I longed to live in the city. My parents were well to do; but it was the custom of that locality to live simply and bring the children up to work. Mental accomplishments did not take high rank in the circle in which I moved for the first fifteen years of my life. I wanted a better education than I was ever likely to get. Somehow I fancied that I would get it, though I could not see how. The holidays always carry me back in memory to some of the main events of my life. I believe that fortune has a habit of making extraordinary changes when the Old Year goes out and the new one comes. At least it has done so more than once in my case; and that is why I now tell this story to you younger people, who naturally think of new leaves of many kinds in connection with the New Year.

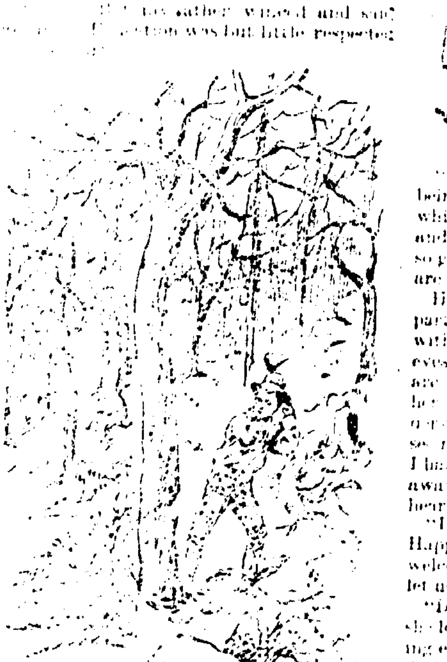
I was only 15 years old when one bitter winter I took a contract to chop a large quantity of cord wood. It was one of the few ways boys had in that locality of earning a little money. It seems like a rough way to me now; but we did not think so then. I was up at 5 o'clock in the morning, and by [illegible] had had my breakfast, and was in the woods sending the echo of my strokes far over the hills. I was working for a purpose. The winter's chopping would give me money enough to start in a small business upon which I had set my heart. It was nothing [illegible] a tin shop at "The Corners," the nearest village. In imagination I [illegible] "a store keeper," at once a person of [illegible] in the community and highly [illegible] to myself. I soared even higher than that. I saw myself living in a fine house, [illegible] elderly, pompous and fat, [illegible] president of a bank, [illegible] for whom I turned off [illegible] when I met him at "The [illegible]" [illegible] youth did, because [illegible] important.

New Year's day found me in the woods, [illegible] as usual. Holidays were not [illegible] community, and festivities [illegible] visits. An extra piece [illegible] pie and a bit of some[illegible] for supper were all that [illegible] day from all the other crisp, cold [illegible]. But I thought of its being New Year, and dreamed my dreams while [illegible]. The luck I expected out [illegible] winter's work I could scarcely put in [illegible]. While I was dwelling [illegible] something [illegible] my head, there was a [illegible] flashes of [illegible], and [illegible] nowhere, at least [illegible].

[illegible] of an old dead tree had [illegible] upon me. When I came [illegible] myself hurt and somewhat [illegible] myself home only to take [illegible] the remainder of the winter. [illegible] it was [illegible] bitter and hope[illegible] I almost lost faith in my [illegible]. I couldn't finish my contract of [illegible], and so the tin store vanished. [illegible] I was able to be about once [illegible] week, and with a bad [illegible]. The doctors [illegible] I would never be [illegible]. [illegible] news to me, [illegible] I had expected. And [illegible] as I had planned, [illegible] that, I have [illegible].

[illegible] Uncle Zeph came to [illegible] a kind hearted, unselfish [illegible] interest in me.

"[illegible] able to do hard work, [illegible] and [illegible]," he [illegible] of the [illegible] father winced and [illegible] was but little respected [illegible]



SENDING THE ECHOES OF MY STROKES.

"What is ever to be done with him?" asked [illegible] uncle. "The boy has a good [illegible]. There's something in him. Give him [illegible]. You surely wouldn't force him [illegible] without resources and tools with [illegible] himself. It's a shame."

At last it was settled that I was to receive [illegible] collegiate education. Uncle Zeph [illegible], paying half the cost of it. Here was a [illegible] of luck, indeed, better [illegible] expected. It [illegible] my faith in my only proverb. And [illegible] what I had desired so [illegible] of luck. Take courage [illegible] think because you can't see it [illegible] of you that there is no light.

Well, I was graduated at last from one of the best colleges. After that I took a medical course and went to what was then considered the far west, Indiana, to practice. Patients came slowly, but I expected good luck, as I had learned to do, and had patience, if no patients.

I was just beginning to be a little known when I fell in love. The young lady who had effected this state of my emotions was Miss Alma Adams. She was very handsome. She had the dark eyes I am so fond of, and a placid, unemotional manner that I greatly admired. She was not rich, and I was rather glad of it, because I wanted to win her and to do everything for her myself. I think a man who is a man ought to feel that way. I was very much in love with her, and I thought that she felt more than kindly to me. But I wasn't sure. She was a queer girl. One could never tell of what she was thinking. I put off learning the actual state of her heart until I saw my way clear to a decent practice. In short, till I put some money in my purse.

Miss Adams' parents had in the family a niece about Alma's age, a plain little body, who was somewhat deaf and, therefore, something of a bore to a selfish young fool like me, who had only eyes and ears for the girl he adored. But Laura, this cousin, was good if she was exceedingly plain, and the girls were very fond of each other.

At last my unspoken love became almost a burden. I thought of but little else than Alma. Rivals I had, to be sure, but none whom I really feared. Young Wilcox, son of the richest man in the growing young town, hung around her constantly; and George Carey, a middle aged swell from "the east," was also devoted to her. But I was not afraid.

One evening as I parted from her my manner betrayed more tenderness than I had meant to express, though not more than I felt. In thinking of it afterwards I was happy in remembering that Alma had not seemed surprised or annoyed at my expression of feeling. "And she must have understood," I said to myself. As I walked to my lodgings I determined to tell her outright that I loved her, and ask her to marry me the very next month. The next day I was called away to the bedside of my dying father, and did not return for two months. Then I was a comparatively rich man, with my share of his estate. That is, rich for that time, not for the present.

I returned to Crestfield on New Year's day. I lost no time in going to see Alma. Visions of the coming day of happiness had filled my mind for days. I met Laura just coming out of the house. Full of childish delight at being once more so near the little home circle which held my happiness, I rushed up to her and held out both my hands, saying: "I am so glad to see you. I shall be grateful if you are half as glad to see me."

"DO YOU REALLY MEAN IT, DR. MASON?"

Her eyes opened wide, with a look that was part pleasure and part astonishment, blended with deprecation. She had the appealing eyes which so often belong to the young who are afflicted with deafness. Something in her look told me that she had not really understood my words, but was honestly glad to see me. So I carried on telling her how much I had thought of all of them while I had been away, still holding both her hands in a hearty clasp.

"I wish you a Happy New Year and many Happy New Years," I said finally. "Your welcome makes me very, very happy. Now, let us go and find Alma."

"Do you really mean it, Dr. Mason?" and she looked up at me with a strange, yearning expression on her plain face, which was flushing with red, like an early morning sky.

"Mean it? Mean it every word, with all my heart," and I held her hands tighter than ever in my enthusiasm. "Now let us find Alma, for whom I have what I hope may be glad tidings."

She smiled, and her smile was very sweet, although she was so plain. I noticed, too, that her eyes had a strange light in them which made them resemble the eyes we sometimes see in dreams, which speak so much more meaningly than do those we see in our waking hours. This light was the light of joy and nothing else. One does not see it often in woman's eyes. Sometimes only once in a life time.

She slipped her arm in mine and we walked into the house down the wide, old fashioned hall to the sitting room.

"Alma, dear," said Laura, as we opened the door and the tall, dark eyed goddess of my heart arose and came towards us, "Dr. Mason says I have made him very happy, and he wants to tell you of it at once, and so do I."

The girl [illegible] glanced at both of us, a faint pink color coming into her white cheek, and smiled at us as she would have smiled at two children, while I was longing to take her in my arms and tell her that I adored her. Instead of greeting me, or giving me a chance to greet her, she bent and kissed Laura, and then turned to me, saying:

"You have won the sweetest heart in the world, Dr. Mason. I congratulate you. I know that you will return an equal amount of good wishes when I tell you that I have promised to marry Mr. Carey. We will be married next month and go to New York to live at once."

I stood, as the novelists say, "rooted to the spot." The whole scene seemed unreal. I, who a few moments before was full of joyful anticipation, now found myself engaged to marry a woman whom I did not love, and hearing the woman I did love tell me that she was soon to marry one of my rivals. At first I could not understand what Alma meant. I thought that she and Laura were enjoying some joke too obscure for me. At last the beaming look in Laura's eyes enlightened me. She, being somewhat deaf, had mistaken my warm greeting for a declaration of love, and responded affirmatively.

With Laura's arm still within mine I walked to a sofa and sat down, she by my side. I had not uttered a word since I met Alma. Speech had utterly forsaken me. And, indeed, what could I say? Could I tell the trusting creature by my side that it was all a mistake; that she had misunderstood me; that I did not love her; that I loved her beautiful cousin? No; I was too shocked and dazed to do anything but sit there in silence, with the perspiration standing in cold drops on my face and my eyes staring vacantly ahead of me. I think I could have spoken had it not been that Alma stood before me looking placid and even happy in telling of her engagement to Mr. Carey. I accepted the situation in desperation. The whole face of life had been suddenly changed for me and I saw nothing but gloom ahead.

I thought myself a strong man, but is it any wonder that I wept like any child on my pillow that night? What a New Year's that was! Whither had my expected good luck gone?

I put the best possible face on my misery and went on in the dismal path fate had marked out for me. Since I could not have Alma, what did it matter whom I married? Ugly little Laura would do as well as any woman. It was fortunate that she expected no extraordinary demonstration of affection from me. Truly I could not have given it. My heart seemed frozen or dead. Yet I could not help seeing that she seemed quietly happy. Her plain face actually began to glow with new life, and there were times when she looked almost pretty. It occurred to me that I might forget my own misery by trying to make her happy. The idea was a spark from the mind of infinite love, for it brought a kind of peace to my sick soul.

I TOLD HER THE STORY.

I threw myself into the role of promised husband with all the energy I possessed. I suggested that we should be married on the same day that was fixed for the wedding of Alma to Mr. Carey. I can assure you that in those weeks I demonstrated, to myself at least, that I had something of the heroic in my nature.

Well, we were married. Alma and her husband went away, and Laura and I "went to housekeeping," as they say of newly married folk. I did my best to give Laura no cause to suspect that I was unhappy. The quiet happiness which shone day after day in her face became a joy to me. It even rebuked me, too. It was plain that she loved me devotedly; and she was so unselfish in her love, so wise, so sensible that I soon found myself admiring her. In the wish to do everything possible for her in order to recompense her for the love I did not have to give her, I thought of trying to remedy her defective hearing. We went to Philadelphia for that purpose. The best aurist in the city made an examination and at once assured us that the trouble was caused by a slight obstruction which would yield readily to simple treatment. In two months Laura returned perfectly cured.

Then I began to notice what a very bright woman my wife was, and she seemed to grow sunnier and sweeter every hour. In less than six months I loved her a thousand times more, it seemed to me, than I had ever loved Alma. When I began to realize I blessed Fate over and over again for giving me my own, even through such incomprehensible ways. "I might have known it," I said to myself. "I always expected to have happiness in my home, and I might have been sure of it, although the light refused to shine for awhile."

At the end of a year I was so infatuated with my lovely little wife that I told her the story of how I came to marry her. That she regarded as the best possible proof of my love for her. Then she confessed to me that she had loved me almost from the hour when she first saw me, but had imagined that I cared for Alma. Yet when I met her on that New Year's morning with such extraordinary cordiality her heart rather than her reason caused the misunderstanding. Yet she declares to this day that what she seemed to hear was, "I love you. Come and let me make you happy all the days of my life." Perhaps my wiser self spoke to her in some silent, heartward way and I knew it not. At all events I am grateful that she thought she heard these words if I didn't say them.

I did not see Alma for five years. Then I wondered how I ever could have loved her. She was still beautiful, of course; but devoted to a life of fashion and show, and was not at all the woman I had imagined she would be. She never knew how she had figured in the romance of my life.

You see, I always expected good luck and always got it, but not always in the way I had expected. After my blundering marriage turned out so well I never doubted my Spanish proverb again. It has never failed me throughout my life, and I will be eighty in December. If I were to preach a sermon to young people every day in the week, I think the concluding sentence would always be: "Expect good luck and you will get it." If I could send a New Year's message to every soul on the earth it would be to expect the good. Put it on your New Year's cards. Write it in your letters. Tell it to the little people. Keep it ever in mind. Believe in it and live by it. The true philosophy of life is in it. "Expect good luck and you will get it."

GERTRUDE GARRISON.

The year is dead: Oh, no! oh, no!
The year still lives! oh, ho! oh, ho!
The rain and wind have ceased, and so
Long life, New Year, to you!
All sounds are hushed, above, below;
Soft on the pane the snow! the snow!
A winding sheet that husheth all
In lowly hut or lordly hall—
A winding sheet for the Old Year—No!
A mantle for the New!

"WALKING EGYPT."

A Singular New Year Custom Among the Negroes of the South.

IF the old slave customs of the southern states, now that the negroes have been free for nearly a quarter of a century, many are obsolete. The "old sperretuals," as the aged colored Christians call their peculiar hyms, are either given up entirely or modernized and refined till they are barely recognizable. But as the old goes and the new takes its place, we can still see—and it is a "persistence of type" worth the attention of philosophers—that the genius of the original African is still there. The song may be an adaptation from Watts' Hymns; but all the same it is an Africanized Watts.

When a traveler or man of science attends a "colored revival" in the back districts of the gulf states and hears this roaring chorus from one thousand throats—

I see St. Petah a standin' in the do',
Dip in the Golden Sea!
An' all my frien's what went befo',
Dip in the Golden Sea!
O, dip me, bathe me, sistahs, you;
O, brothers, won't you help me through?
We'll all ride behind the milk white steeds—
An' dip in the Golden Sea.

he perceives at once that this is African, not Saxon, imagery. And by the eye of scientific faith he can look back 300 years to the time when the ancestors of these people, under the palm or on the sandy shore, sang and rioted in praise of Bennamucka or Mumbo Jumbo.

The negroes have also had one experience common to all freed people. At first there was a violent reaction against everything that belonged to slave times; they carefully discarded the most trifling customs which might serve to imply a slave origin. By and by, when their freedom was an assured thing and taken as a matter of course, there was a counter reaction; they took up the old songs and customs, but gave them a tone that implied a sense of deliverance. Thus, "Roll, Jordan, roll," became an emancipation song, and "Old Nicodemus" was completely transformed. And by a similar evolution one phase of the old "Juba dance" became "Walking Egypt." This is, in plain English, only a mildly religionized form of the walking dance or dancing walk which the Africans, like all heathen people, have always had. The Indians' "corn dance" and "sun dance" are but variations of the same thing.

But "Walking Egypt," as it now is, dates from emancipation, and is performed on New Year's eve—that is, when they "watch the old year out and the new year in." One description, by a white lady who saw it from the gallery of a Georgia church, is as follows:

"The leader took his place on the floor and began the wild, half barbaric chant; then one by one, as the excitement grew, the others followed. Soon the whole line was in a tremor of excitement, and shouts and improvised lines like these:

Who's dat yondah dressed in black?
Oh, it's an angel dressed in black.

"The walk is by a slight forward jerk of the foot. As the walkers warmed to their work and grew wilder in their movements it was easy to see why the better educated colored people are opposed to the walk; for the men and women took most abandoned attitudes. The scene recalled pictures of the orgies of 'hashish' maddened fanatics. The walk went on for hours, up one aisle and down the other, new ones taking the place of those who dropped out exhausted; and at daylight several of the participators were down on their knees, still crawling around the church."

"WALKING EGYPT."

The "Egypt" part of it is an evident reference to the "Walk" of the Israelites out of bondage, for that is a parallel case in the mind of every freedman. But in prosaic fact the "walk" is only one of the thousand ways in which undeveloped people mingle the religious manifestations with the social, the musical and finally the voluptuous. And, of course, as the excitement increases the first element yields to the second and both to the last. In short, the walk is but the survival of some old African fetich worship, and is therefore possible only among the undiluted blacks of the most ignorant class. It is simple matter of truth and justice to add that no freed people in history have ever progressed faster than the negroes; and if they maintain their present rate of development, another generation will see the last of "Walking Egypt."

A Siamese New Year.

All Siamese birthdays are celebrated at New Year's, and at this time the curious custom of "hair cutting" is observed. When a boy reaches the age of 11 or 15, and a girl that of 9 or 13, they are considered no longer children. Up to this time a tuft of hair is allowed to grow just above the forehead, and is always dressed with great care. It is twisted into a graceful knot and held together with a long gold or jeweled pin. At the base of this knot is worn a wreath of fragrant white flowers. The ceremonies of hair cutting often last five or six days. It is the "coming out party" of the boy or girl, and thereafter they are not permitted to mingle with the other sex as children, but are considered to have arrived at a marriageable age.

A Happy New Year! Why not? The path of duty is the path of safety ever, and the separations of the good are for time alone. We are moving in a veritable journey. Our earthboat swims through seas of light sustained by the power that launched it into space.

Have your shrubbery in the front yard boxed up on New Year's day. We once knew a Galveston caller, an otherwise estimable young man, to tumble down the front steps of a lordly mansion and break a valuable tree all to flinders with his head.

His Hands Full.

Jinks—Make any calls today?
Binks—No. I was too busy receiving.
"Who?"
"Creditors."

JANUARY

—SALE OF—

Domestics, Cottons,
Prints, Shirtings,
Ginghams.

The attention of close buyers of

DRY-GOODS!

Is called to the prices.

WARNER & EDWARDS

FOR RENT.—True building, just east of Methodist Church; large double store room and warehouse or will divide into two store rooms; also two first rooms in second story and eight rooms in third story, separately or together. Look at the rooms and liberal terms. HARRY TRUE. [34m]

FOR RENT.—Furnished rooms at No. 28 north East street. 31-tf

—Harry Scribner spent New Year's in the Capital City.

—Geo. Keener came down from Chicago to spend New Year's with his family.

—A. H. Kling left today for Medicine Lodge, Kansas, on a week's business trip

—The Red Men's dance was very largely attended and is spoken of as very enjoyable.

—Mrs. Dr. Raffensberger has been down sick for the past week with serious throat trouble.

—Miss Maggie B. Watkins has returned home after a week's pleasant visiting at Delaware.

—Upmann's cigars are conceded to be the best. Oriental and Bouquet, at L. Denison & Co.

—E. E. Remsberg and Miss Remsberg, of Springfield, spent New Year's with Marion friends.

—Reserve sale for the "Chalk Talk" of Prof. Stoaks will begin Tuesday at Tristram & Young's.

—L. C. Clark, now of Lincoln, Neb., is back to Marion, paying his former acquaintances a visit.

—Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Warner are making a New Year's visit with Mr. Warner's parents at Medina, O.

—Fun! fun! fun! fun! fun! in Stoaks humorous delineation of "Our Artist Abroad" at Music Hall, Jan. 3d.

—Burt Fenton ended his Marion visit today, going to Mansfield, from which place he will return to Cincinnati.

—All sizes and kinds of both hard and soft coals can be had at L. B. Gurley's, No 16 north East street. Call on him. [35tf

—Miss Bessie Wise, of Bucyrus, is making a visit among her Marion friends, the guest of P. Dombaugh and family.

—J. A. Neidig and Misses Ray Cooper and Ella Edmunds were down from Upper Sandusky to attend the Red Men's ball.

—Smoke Upmann's famous Oriental cigar, the best smoke in the world.

L. DENISON & CO.

—Miss Emma Johnson, of North Marion, has gone to Pittsburg, Pa., where she has taken a position in a wholesale dry goods house.

—The officers of the Farmers' Bank for the ensuing year are: J. J. Hane, President; E. Durfee, Cashier, and H. B. Hane, Assistant Cashier.

—The Mechanics' Library Association, the Art Club and kindred societies should be out in full force to greet Prof. Stoaks in his Artist Abroad.

—Miss Carrie Wallace and the Misses Saiter, and Homer Johnston, N. C. Kingsbury and R. G. Hutchins attended an informal reception at J. W. Alsop's, in Galion, Monday night.

—A great many fellows indulged in what they termed "their last" iniquities Monday night, swearing off, of course, when the midnight hour came. But you "can't tell how long it will last."

—Miss Ava Wilson entertained a few of her friends Monday evening, in honor of her guest, Miss Lucia Williams, of Shelby, Ohio. The evening was spent quite pleasantly and all stayed to greet the New Year

—As we go to press the pleasing practice of New Year's calls is being observed, the gentlemen smiling in their best humor and dressy garbs, calling upon the charming ladies who are receiving with unusual grace and agreeableness.

—One of the neatest of the many calanders now observed is that of the Ohio State Journal office. It is neat in design, finely worked and very attractive. The Journal office has a fine way of doing things in its line, and grows better daily.

—There will be quarterly meeting at Otterbein U. B. Church, north of Prospect Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 5th and 6th First service Saturday afternoon at 1:30 o'clock. J. W. Davis, P. E., will be present to preach and conduct the services All are cordially invited to attend.

—The business transacted at the Marion freight office of the C. and A. shows that 60,200,000 pounds of freight was the increase of December '88 over the same month last year, amounting to $73,000 more earnings. Mr. Beale in drawing his draft for settlement on Monday Dec. 31st made the sum $35,290, the largest ever drawn for any one days business.

☞Central east Center street lot for $800 cash. Price $1000 and not a cent less on time.

CHASE & HUNTER.

—Stoaks, the famous "Chalk Talk" man, with his fifteen foot blackboard, his chalk and crayons, is coming, and there will be fun alive at Music Hall on the eve of Jan 3d. The Music Hall people are going to test the appreciation of the public by a trial of popular prices 25 and 15 cents

—Joe Swinehart, foundry foreman in the Huber works, was happily surprised this morning by the foundry boys. At 9 o'clock they gathered around him as though to make a strike and before Joe could size up the situation Eber Priest, on behalf of the boys, presented him with a fine gold headed cane.

—The presentation of Christmas presents took place at the drug store of L. H. Flocken & Co. on the evening of December 31st as advertised. The coupons of the presentation cards were drawn from among all the numbers representing purchase certificates by Misses Mame Christian and Flora Schweinfurth and, without inspection, they referred them to Auditor W. L. Clark and O. W. Johnston, who officiated as judges. The certificates having the following numbers entitles the holders thereof to one or more of the presents advertised, viz No. 3113 smoker's set, 2115 patent rocker and No. 5516 doll known as Little Blue Eyes Those holding the duplicates of these numbers or any one of them should present the same at their earliest convenience

An Important Measure.

A law was passed by the present Legislature last March which has to some extent been overlooked. It goes into effect this month and provides that between the first and third Mondays of January of each year all banks, whether private or national, and all corporations or persons engaged in the business of lending and receiving money shall make a report, under oath of the leading persons of such organization, of the unknown depositors of the organization that is, of all accounts which have stood on the books for a period of seven years previous to the time of the making of the report without having received a debit or credit The report shall be made to the Probate Judge, and the penalty for not doing it is $500. The law further provides that if the account shall stand unchanged on the books for eight years from the time of its being put there, or of the last debit or credit, the bank shall turn the money over to the County Treasurer, receiving a receipt for it, and shall then be relieved of all further responsibility or liability. If any one should turn up to claim it the County Commissioners or Judge can issue a warrant for the account, if the claim is proved, and the County Treasurer shall pay the warrant.

Wedding Bells

One of the most enjoyable events of the year was the wedding festivities at the home of Mrs. Eva D. Bunker, on south West street, Monday evening, it being the occasion of the marriage of her daughter, Clara, to L. J. Powel, of Philadelphia, Pa. About fifty invited guests were present, the bride's most intimate friends and relatives

The ceremony, by request, was the entire impressive one of the Methodist Church, and, after the clearly spoken responses by both bride and groom, the golden circlet was slipped on the bride's fair hand, thus binding her "till death doth part" to the man of her choice. She was dressed in a soft steel colored silk dress, finished at the throat and wrists with a fall of point lace. The presents were numerous and beautiful, the congratulations hearty and sincere, and the wedding collation was all that could be desired and was admirably served Rev. R. Wallace officiated

At 10 20 the happy pair departed for their Eastern home, followed by the best wishes and accompanied by a shower of rice from their friends

To the Public.

The Music Hall Association respectfully announce the engagement for one entertainment only, of the celebrated artist, Prof Chas. E. Stoaks, who will appear at Music Hall, Thursday evening, Jan 3d, at which time he will deliver his famous "Chalk Talk," An Artist Abroad. Prof. Stoaks will illustrate with chalk and crayon the humorous and entertaining points in his "Artist Abroad" in a manner wonderful in skill and beauty, from a prepared board surface fifteen feet in length

For the purpose of placing this unique and pleasing entertainment within the reach of all our people, and in order that the children may also be permitted to attend, for the first time in the history of Music Hall, a popular reduction scale of admission will be adopted to wit Admission 25 cents, children 15 cents Seats may be reserved without extra charge at Tristram & Young's. MUSIC HALL ASSOCIATION.

W. C. T. U. Weekly Meetings

Thursday, 3 o'clock p. m.

Children's Temperance School Saturday, 3 o'clock p. m.

Prohibition prayer meeting, Tuesday, 7 o'clock p. m.

Room, South street Cunningham block, first stairway west

A WAY TO BEGIN

A Few Pointers Suggested for Beginning the New Year.

Be happy

Shun all evil.

Subscribe for the STAR.

Mind your own business.

Always remember the Golden Rule.

Swear off on dumping your ashes on the street

Don't talk in your dreams of your aunte, if you haven't any auntie.

Begin to go to church instead of following wicked Sunday paths.

Quit lying about your neighbors They are probably as good as you are.

Spend the evenings at home with your wives, or, if single with your girls Stop loafing

Deal on the square There are enough rascals without sensible people joining them in fraud

Merchants, advertise liberally, and you will find '89 the banner year in your history. The greatest medium of all is a good newspaper that is widely read

Shot His Sister.

Upper Sandusky Chief.

John Sutter lives between Little Sandusky and Morral, just across the Marion county line, and a horrible affair occurred there last Tuesday evening. A daughter of Mr. Sutter—a young lady of about seventeen or eighteen years, who had been working in Crawford county, had come home to spend the holidays, and with the family was seated at the supper table when her little brother, aged six, came out of a closet with a shotgun. The little fellow laughingly exclaimed, "Throw up your hat and I'll shoot it!" apparently addressing one of his brothers, when he raised the gun and fired at the table. He was only a few feet from his sister and the load of shoot struck her in the left breast, frightfully mangling her. The girl fell into the arms of her mother, and a physician was hurriedly summoned from Little Sandusky. When he arrived he picked thirty-three shot from the wounded breast, one out of one of her lips, and one from her cheek. It is rumor-also that two of the shot struck Mrs Sutter in the face. The lad was too young to have done the deed in malice. He simply got a hold of the dangerous firearm, and perhaps discharged it accidentally; another horrible instance of the folly of leaving such things within the reach of children. We understand that the lady is in a fair way to recovery.

Marion Public Schools

The following is the report of the Superintendent of the Marion Public Schools for the month ending December 21st, 1888:

No. registered this year	Boys 476 Girls 422	898
No. enrolled this month	Boys, 438 Girls, 398	836
Average weekly enrollment		810.2
Average daily attendance		790.4
Average daily absence		16.5
Average per cent. of attendance		98
No. days school was in session		18
No. neither absent nor tardy		579
No. cases tardiness		18
No. cases truancy		1
No. cases corporal punishment		0
No. non resident pupils		18
No. visitors		15
No. cases tardiness by teachers.		2
No. half days missed by teachers		0
No. colored pupils	Boys, 8 Girls, 13	21

A. G. CROUSE, Supt.

Piano Recitals.

The subscription paper for signatures to the piano recitals to be given in Marion during January and February is in the hands of Mr. Guy D. Kendrick The two recitals will cost only one dollar, and those who do not subscribe will be charged seventy five cents for each recital. The first recital is announced to be given by Miss Neally Stevens, of Chicago, who is now recognized as one of the foremost pianists of this country. She has achieved a most brilliant success wherever she has appeared, including such musical centers as Berlin (Germany), New York, Chicago, San Francisco and other large cities. She will furnish her own grand concert piano, and will be assisted by distinguished vocalists Many of our musical people have already signified their desire to attend, and it is anticipated that a sufficient number will cheerfully assist in the enterprise, by subscribing for tickets, to give Miss Stevens a large audience.

California Excursion.

On Jan. 20th, 1889, Mr G. W. Van Alstine, late commissioner southern California exhibit at Ohio Centennial, will run another one of his popular excursions to the Golden State. The excursion will leave Columbus on the morning of January 20th. At Chicago, passengers will take new tourist sleepers, recently put in service, and be carried through without change Any one contemplating taking this trip should write at once to Mr. G. W. Van Alstine, No. 1 north High street, Columbus, O., for maps, pamplets and full information relative to the excursion.

H. J. FALKENBACH, G. P. A.

Marion Steam Laundry.

The Marion Steam Laundry, in the Centennial block, east Center street, will open for business on Wednesday, January 2d. Having a full line of the latest laundrying machinery, and experience, we are prepared to do all classes of work in the very best style.

C. F. MILLER

An Understanding.

Jno Decker was not appointed receiver of the accounts of the firm of Court and Last. He was merely appointed receiver of [illegible] lot they owned and it was settled by [illegible] buying said property and [illegible] same.

A. C. COURT.

W. R. C.

The regular meeting of the Woman's Relief Corps, will be held tomorrow (Wednesday) afternoon at 2:30 o'clock. A full attendance is requested.

By order of the President

Will Winter Stock.

Mr. [illegible] M. Britton, of Big Island township, has a surplus of feed, and will winter horses, cows, in a good manner, at a very reasonable figure. Address him at Marion postoffice box 842.

Bowling Green.

No Christmas trees in this immediate vicinity but several three and four miles distant.

Quite a number of our farmers were at Marion last week paying their taxes.

Anyone wishing to buy a couple of good horses, give Jas. Patrick a call as he has a couple for sale.

All our teachers in this part of the country, except one, have been examined in physiology and hygiene. The clerk of every school board will have to examine their teacher now and dismiss him if not qualified, according to law.

We have been having some bad weather recently but no snow.

The hunter did not get all the quail. In some places good sized flocks are left.

John Littell has invested in a grocery store in LaRue where his son-in-law is managing it for him.

Will and Numy Silfrit who have been in attendance at the Ada University, are at home spending holidays with parents.

The recent rains made the roads very heavy for travel over Sunday, but at present are very rough.

There is a big surprise brewing for somebody next week. Look out and not be caught napping, neighbor.

Quite a number of our farmers have their fat hogs yet. They want five cents but there is a slim chance when corn is only twenty-eight cents per bushel.

The literary exhibition at the Windfall school house the evening of Dec. 21st, was well attended and gave an entertainment of three hours.

A wedding took place at 'Squire B. F. Sager's residence on the evening of the 15th inst. Mr. Rice, of Summervill, Union county, O., and Miss Priscilla Baker, of this township. May their path be one of peace and prosperity.

Miss Gertie Konkle, of LaRue, was the guest of Adda and Blanche Clark the 24th and 25th inst.

There is a writing school in the Rush Creek school house every Friday evening. A class of over twenty are in attendance and promises quite an increase soon.

We were pleased to see our young men carry themselves so straight and quiet during Christmas, hoping they may continue and thus live an exemplary and happy life.

Cyrus Bell, who is teaching in the Rider district, in Green Camp township, is vacating his school this week.

Zack Baker is staying with his sister Hattie, in Essex at present.

Several of the contractors of our ditches have not yet finished but are still digging

Our wheat promises better so far than for years past; we hope it will continue.

We understand there will be a Sunday school organized in the new church soon and protracted meeting will soon commence.

Several of our teachers vacated Monday and Tuesday but commenced work again on Wednesday

Jan. 1. THE

The Dummy Spoke.

"I was coming up from Albany a few days ago," said a drummer to a party of friends as they sat in the lobby of the Globe hotel smoking their cigars. "In the seat just in front of me were two well dressed gentlemen, who were carrying on an earnest but very quiet conversation with their fingers When the train reached Utica a couple of stylish looking girls came in and took the seat in front of the two men, which happened to be turned facing them. The girls very soon noticed the finger conversation, and coolly proceeded to comment upon the personal appearance of the gentlemen in a very audible tone of voice. 'The fellow with the blonde mustache is pretty good looking,' said one. 'It's a pity he can't talk. I wonder if they're married,' and so they went on for a few minutes. Pretty soon the conductor came through the car, and, much to the surprise of the passengers, who had been watching the little scene, the gentleman with the blonde mustache stopped him and asked what time the train got to Syracuse. It was as good as a show to watch the faces of those girls. The strain was too much for them, and as soon as the train stopped they moved into another car."—Syracuse Herald.

Weakening Our Eyes.

I wish I could move out to Dakota, twenty miles from the nearest schoolhouse, and bring the children up myself. They would know a hawk from a hernshaw as far as any one. See those boys with big, handsome eyes going from school. Half can't sight a target or a duck in a marsh or a ship down the bay. If the country should have another war the government would have to find regiments in spectacles. Nine hours a day do those public school children pore over school books with the vilest print that ruins eyes. Between the poor print of school books and the newspapers, and incessant reading, we are losing eyes as fast as possible. The big, handsome eyed women have to use atropine to see at all, and the clever women all have contracted, sunken eyes from reading too much. They begin at 5 years old and keep tasking the eyes till the amaurosis sets in. Do you know there isn't one person in 500 with really good eyes, and fewer children?—Shirley Dare.

A Convict Cemetery.

A half mile east of the prison, upon a woody knoll, the convict burying ground is situated. It is an inclosure of about two acres, and the only resemblance the spot has to a "City of the Dead" is in the long rows of mounds that extend east and west, denoting the resting place of the unhonored dead. No stately monuments here, no marble shafts or broken columns erected by loving hands in memory of the departed; no beautiful flowers or grassy lawns, not even a respectable marble slab of any kind to recall the memory of the malefactors. All identity is lost. When the dead is buried here the grave is marked by a small pine board, on which is printed the prison number, name, age and date of death; the elements soon erase these, and in a short time no one can tell the occupants of these narrow homes.—Joliet Cor. St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Only a Trifle.

Recent calculations go to show that the mean distance of the earth from the sun was wrongly estimated by 130,000 English miles about twenty years ago. But nobody minds a little thing like that in view of the fact that the distance is now figured to be 92,385,000 miles.

Apples that are not properly looked after will decay in the barrels very fast.

Incongruities in Hair.

"Yes," said the hairdresser, as she pomaded and bandolined a sitter's hair, "we have some curious features in our business. For example, there's "the widow's lock."

"Is that a style of hair indigenous to widows?"

"It is supposed to predict widowhood. It is a lock that grows out straight at the parting of the hair and will not grow long enough to be combed back with the other hair. Then there is the cowlick."

"Is that another independent lock?"

"Yes; it grows straight up from the forehead like a tuft of grass, as if a cow had licked it up—and it is so stubborn that ladies afflicted with them often part their hair on the side to avoid them. They are a great trouble and no one knows why they have them."

The hairdresser took a roll of hairpins and put a dozen or so in her mouth.

"E-v'r h-e-a-r of l-ove locks?"

"No; that hairpin went right into my brain—what are they?"

"Love locks? Oh, they are not in fashion now. They were made by cutting a lock of the hair by the ear and letting it fall straight against the cheek for about an inch. Ever see white locks? I've seen a lock of hair as white as snow growing in the black hair of a young head; and it was as ugly and contrary as sin."—Detroit Free Press.

MUSIC HALL

One Night Only,

Wednesday, Jan. 2d.

GRACE KEENE AYMAR

Supported by a Powerful Company and a SUPERB

BAND AND ORCHESTRA!

In the Sensational 4 Act Comedy Drama,

"FOILED!"

—OR—

A Daughter's Devotion.

ADMISSION, - - - - - 25, 35 and 50 cts.

Doors open at 8 o'clock: commence at 8.

☞Reserved seats for sale at Tristram & Young's.

GET YOUR MEALS

—AT—

CULL'S DINING HALL

Refitted and Better than ever.

REGULAR MEALS

(THE BEST IN THE CITY)

—FOR—

25 CTS.

Special Dishes Served to Order.

Oysters at All Times.

LUNCH STAND IN CONNECTION.

TICKETS 20 MEALS, $3.50.

My old patrons and all new ones are invited to call

JOHN CULL,

2d Door East of Court House

THE ONLY

GENUINE

Massillon Coal!

Sold in Marion is by

SIMON DEWOLF

He also keeps in stock all sizes of

HARD COAL.

—DO YOUR—

PAPERING

NOW!

M. DUDLEY

Will do your work CHEAP and in the BEST STYLE

☞Leave Orders by Mail.

Wall - Paper

Furnished Cheap.

KINDLING

—AT—

PRENDERGASTS'.

MASSILLON COAL

—THE—

BEST in the MARKET

—AT—

Prendergasts'.

Notice of Attachment.

COPELAND & SCHUELIE, Plaintiffs,
against
GEORGE F. BOGERS, Defendant.

BEFORE M. V. Payne, Justice of the Peace of Marion Township, Marion County, Ohio: On the 1st day of November 1888, said Justice issued an Order of Attachment in the above action for the sum of $31.40.

The action will be heard on the 19th day of January, 1889, at 8 o'clock a. m.

COPELAND & SCHUELIE Plaintiffs.

SLIPPERS,

SLIPPERS,

SLIPPERS.

A FULL LINE OF

Plush, Goat or Genuine Alligator Slippers

—AT—

TRISTRAM & YOUNG'S,

For the New Year's Trade.

Ready for Work!

THE NEW

Marion Steam Laundry

In the Centennial Block, is now in running order and your work is solicited.

☞Having the best of laundrying machinery and practical experience, I am prepared to guarantee first-class work. Work DELIVERED FREE.

C. F. MILLER,

Centennial Block; E Center St.

—THE BEST—

JACKSON, MASSILLON and HOCKING

LUMP AND NUT

LEHI, SCRANTON and LACKAWANNA

Chestnut, Stove & Egg Coal

AT

PRENDERGASTS'.

AS CHEAP AS THE CHEAPEST.

MERCHANT TAILORING

WILLIAMS & LEFFLER,

—THE—

LEADING MERCHANT TAILORS

Are Now [illegible]

FALL AND WINTER GOODS

A Perfect Fit and Satisfaction Guaranteed.

PRICES REASONABLE.

JOB PRINTING

NEATLY AND PROMPTLY EXECUTED AT

THIS OFFICE.

ALADDIN STOVES AND RANGES

We Make a Specialty

of the Very Popular

STOVES AND RANGES!

We also have

Heating & Cooking

[illegible] in Our [illegible]

LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES!

GIVE US A CALL.

S. S. FOX & CO.,

MARION, OHIO.

N. B.—Roofing and Spouting a Specialty.